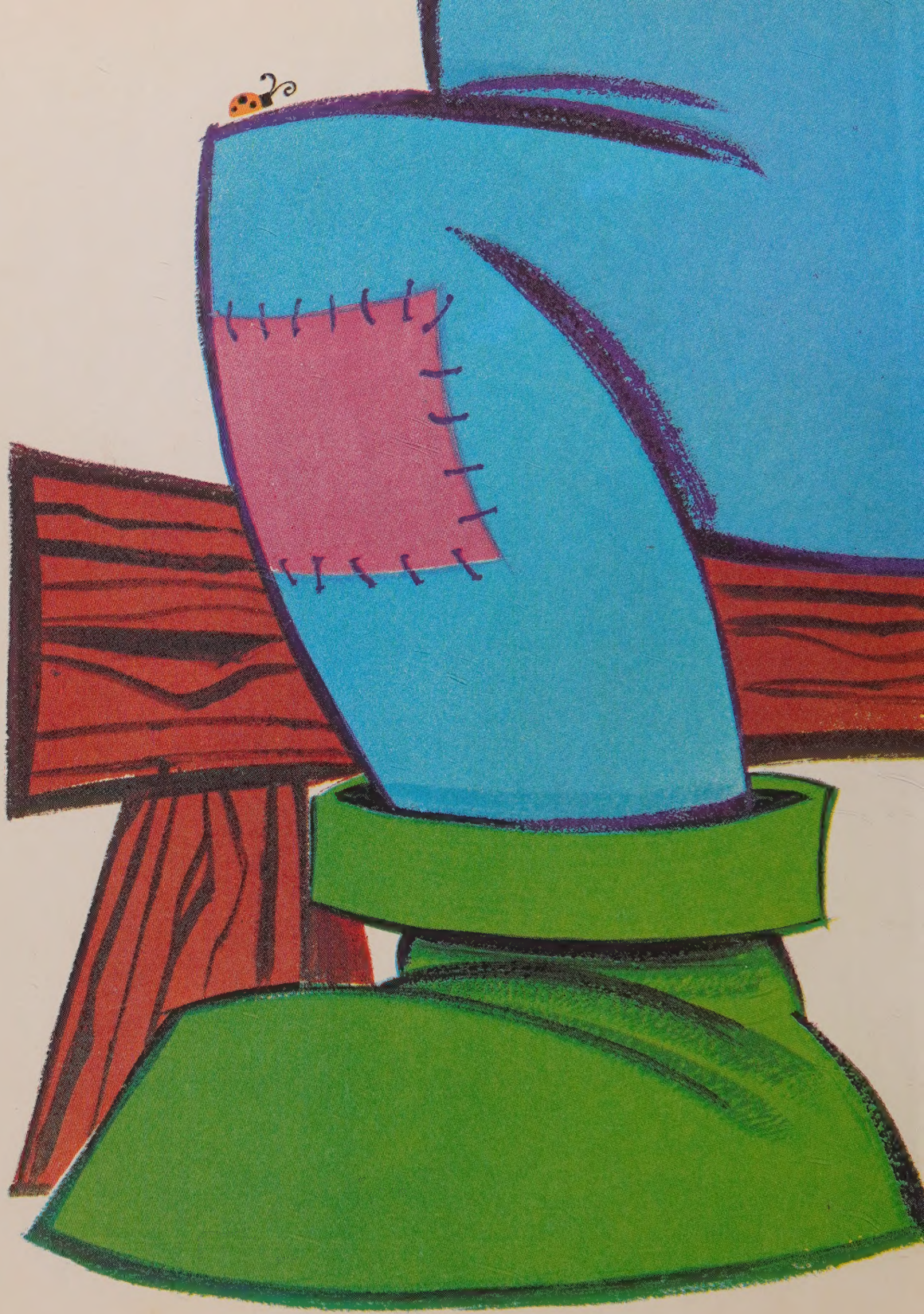
JACK and the Beanstalk

$1.95

THIS START-RIGHT ELF BOOK IS EDUCATIONALLY SOUND
see statement opposite title page

RAND McNALLY PUBLISHER



A MESSAGE TO PARENTS & TEACHERS:

In this new series of inexpensive books for children, Rand McNally is presenting carefully selected, good literature for the very young child. Books in this series are factual, fanciful, humorous, questioning and adventurous. It is hoped that the series will provide for the masses of children whose parents might be unaware of the availability of good literature at such nominal cost. We firmly believe that the love and appreciation of literature must begin when the child is very young.

If you can assemble a group of children, this is a good story for creative dramatics. Read it to children and let them act it out. The big Giant with his ponderous footsteps and bellowing, "Fe-fi-fo-fum," is a role that will have to be passed around. All will want a turn.

The bright illustrations will make this an often-used picture book. There is excitement, suspense, and a happy ending. Children will probably always love this story.

NATIONAL COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
Evanston, Illinois

JACK and the Beanstalk

A Retold English Fairy Tale

Illustrated by Anne Sellers Leaf

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY • Chicago

Established 1856

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ONCE THERE WAS a poor widow who had a son named Jack. He was good-natured and likable.

One day Jack's mother told him, "Years ago we had a hen that laid golden eggs, which made us rich. A wicked Giant came and stole the hen. Now we have no money left, so you must sell our cow at the market tomorrow."

Next morning Jack got up early, and started out with the cow. On the way to market he met a funny little man.

"Good-morning, my lad," said the

little man. "Where may you be going with that fine cow?"

"To market," replied Jack.

"As if you had wit enough to sell cows! A bit of a lad that doesn't even know how many beans make five!"

"Two in each hand and one in your mouth," answered Jack, with a quickness that would have made his mother proud.

"Oho!" laughed the little man. "Oho! since you know beans, suppose

you look at these," and he held out some strange-looking colored beans. "I'll give you all these for your cow."

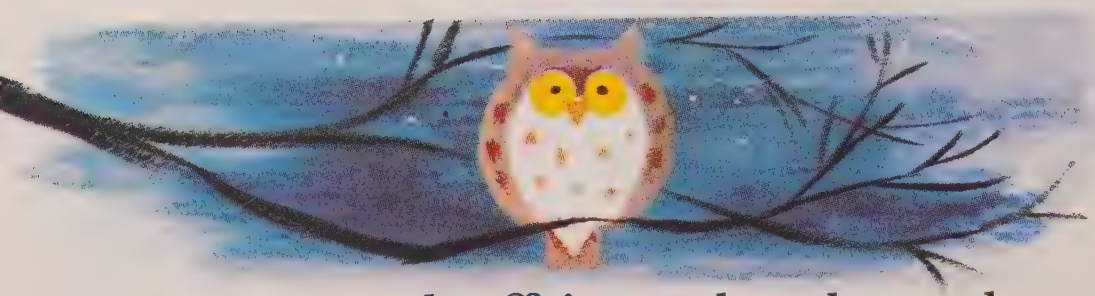
"That would be a good bargain," thought Jack. So he traded the cow for the beans and hurried home.

"Look, Mother," he said gleefully, as he poured the beans into her lap. "I got all these pretty beans for the cow."

"You foolish boy!" she cried. "Now we shall have to starve." And she threw the beans out of the window.

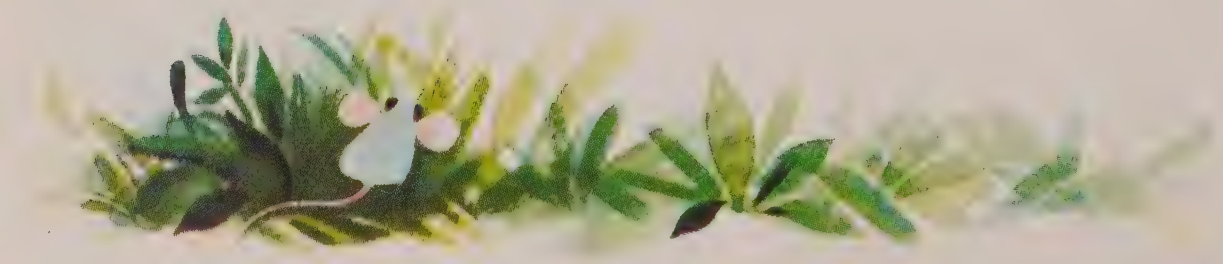
The next morning Jack ran into the garden and found a beanstalk! had sprung up during the night from the beans his mother had thrown away. It had grown so quickly its top was out of sight.

Jack began to climb, and he climbed until he reached the top.



He stepped off into the sky, where all the grass is blue. Toward evening he came to the door of a castle. A cook as broad as she was tall answered his knock. "I am tired and hungry," said Jack politely. "Can you give me supper and a night's lodging?"

"You little know, my lad, what you ask," she sighed. "A Giant lives here and eats people. He would be sure to find you and eat you for supper. It would never do!"



But Jack was too tired to go another step, and begged the cook to let him in. At last she led Jack into the kitchen.

Soon he was enjoying a good meal

and quite forgetting to be afraid. But before he had finished there came a *thump, thump, thump* of heavy feet, and in less than no time, the cook had popped Jack into the great oven to hide.

The Giant walked in sniffing the air. "Fe-Fi-Fo-Fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman! Be he alive or be he dead, I'll grind up his bones to make my bread!" he thundered.

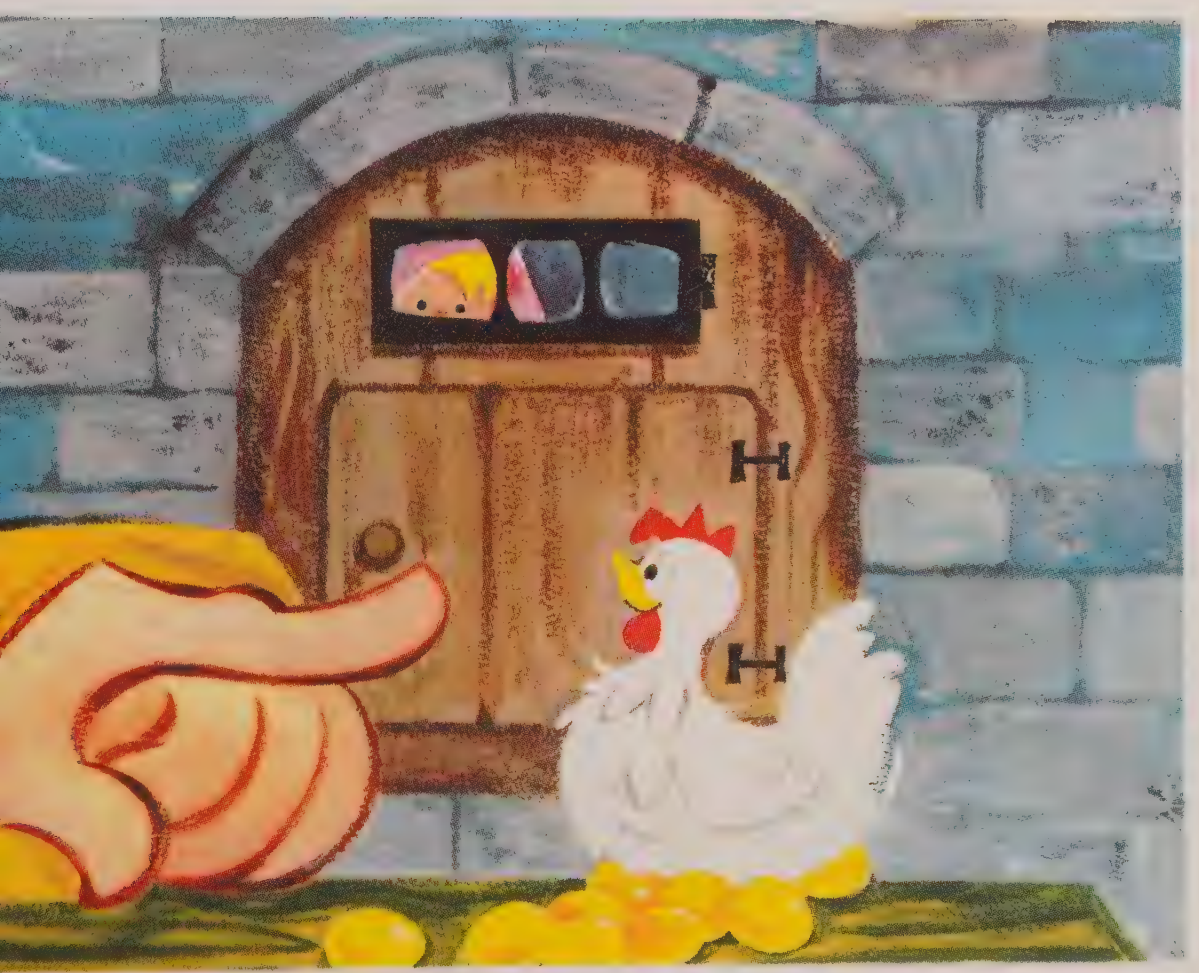
"You are dreaming," laughed the cook, "but there is something better than dreams in this dish." So the Giant stopped sniffing and sat down to supper.

Through a hole in the oven Jack peeped out and watched the Giant eat. When all the dishes were empty, the Giant ordered the cook, "Bring my hen!"

She brought a much-ruffled hen and put it on the table.

"Lay," shouted the Giant, and the hen laid a golden egg.

"That is the hen the Giant stole from us!" thought Jack.



Again and again the Giant shouted his orders in a voice of thunder, and the hen obeyed, till there were twelve golden eggs on the table. Then the Giant went to sleep and his snores shook the castle.

When the biggest snore of all had shaken Jack out of the oven, he seized the hen. The hen started cackling and woke the Giant! Then Jack ran off

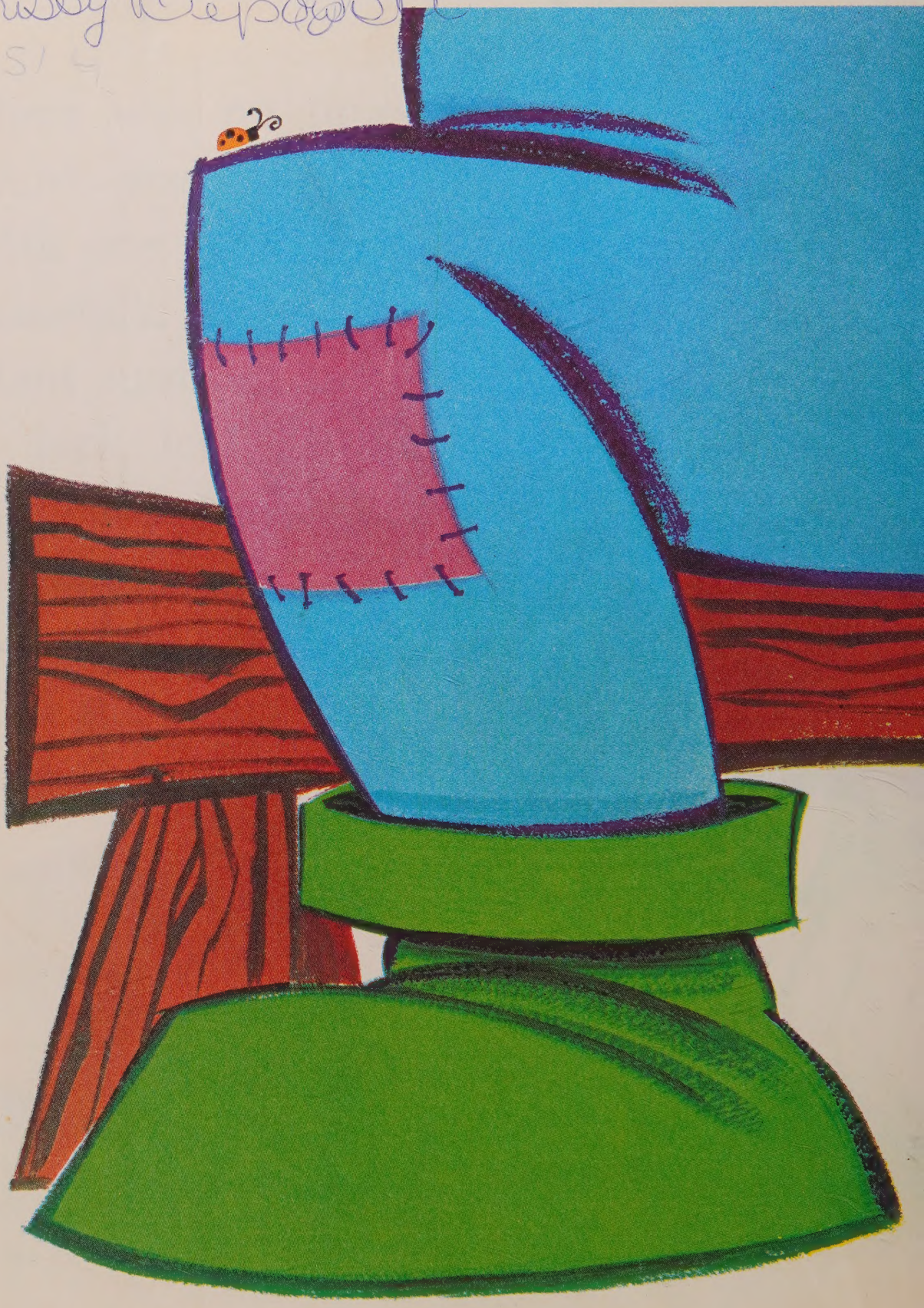
with the hen as fast as he could to the top of the beanstalk. He could hear the Giant running behind him, *thump, thump, thump*. Jack slid down the beanstalk as quick as lightning,

calling out, "Mother! Mother! The ax, the ax!"

Jack's mother, holding out the ax, met him as he reached the garden.

There was no time to lose, for the Giant was already halfway down. With one slashing blow Jack cut the beanstalk. There was a crash, and the Giant tumbled to the ground.

Jack told his mother what had happened. Day after day the hen laid its golden eggs. Jack and his mother grew more and more prosperous. And as for the wonderful beanstalk, it never grew again.



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